



# READINGS BOOKLET



## GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 30

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

January 1990

**Alberta**  
EDUCATION

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION  
ENGLISH 30**

**Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)**

**READINGS BOOKLET**

**GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS**

Part B of the English 30 Diploma Examination has 70 questions in the Questions Booklet and seven reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

**BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 30 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 30 READINGS BOOKLET.**

**YOU HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.**

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

**JANUARY 1990**

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I. Questions 1 to 9 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

SMILES CAFE

This is what you can hope for,  
to know one thing well  
Something you have learned  
to crawl inside  
5 on nights like this

Coffee and chips, the steady  
drumming of rain outside  
He sits at a booth  
gently touching the scars on his hands,  
10 his blunt calloused fingers  
Scars of the ninety pound halibut  
raked over the side, punctures  
from frayed cable and the endless  
jabs of hooks  
15 Nails worn to nothing from twisting  
against stubborn pumps and engine bolts  
The halibut skates<sup>1</sup> laid out like prayers  
on the dark, rolling bottom  
Years of fish scales, like a second skin,  
20 his first one  
too thin for this work,  
for the grease, cold and diesel

This is what you can hope for  
when the fish are gone,  
25 the boats taken by conglomerates  
and banks,  
the last of the wild salmon  
gutted on factory boats  
To have known one thing well,  
30 instinctive,  
like the ache still in his bones,  
the scars that map his body  
Something that can't be lost for money,  
that no one can take with legislation  
35 Skills no one will know again

Tonight, the bright cafe,  
the soft murmur of voices around him  
He follows these scars  
with his fingers,  
40 an old, familiar chart

*Andrew Wreggitt,*  
contemporary Canadian poet

<sup>1</sup>halibut skates — a family of fish that has a flattened body with fins that form winglike extensions

II. Questions 10 to 16 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt.

from HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT

*This excerpt is taken from a book based on the author's experience in the Spanish Civil War (1936-1939).*

At nights we patrolled as usual — more dangerous than it used to be, because the Fascist trenches were better manned and they had grown more alert; they had scattered tin cans just outside their wire and used to open up with the machine-guns when they heard a clank. In the daytime we sniped from no man's land. By  
5 crawling a hundred yards you could get to a ditch, hidden by tall grasses, which commanded a gap in the Fascist parapet. We had set up a rifle-rest in the ditch. If you waited long enough you generally saw a khaki-clad figure slip hurriedly across the gap. I had several shots. I don't know whether I hit anyone — it is most unlikely; I am a very poor shot with a rifle. But it was rather fun, the  
10 Fascists did not know where the shots were coming from, and I made sure I would get one of them sooner or later. However, the dog it was that died<sup>1</sup> — a Fascist sniper got me instead. I had been about ten days at the front when it happened. The whole experience of being hit by a bullet is very interesting and I think it is worth describing in detail.

15 It was at the corner of the parapet, at five o'clock in the morning. This was always a dangerous time, because we had the dawn at our backs, and if you stuck your head above the parapet it was clearly outlined against the sky. I was talking to the sentries preparatory to changing the guard. Suddenly, in the very middle of saying something, I felt — it is very hard to describe what I felt, though I  
20 remember it with the utmost vividness.

Roughly speaking it was the sensation of being *at the centre* of an explosion. There seemed to be a loud bang and a blinding flash of light all round me, and I felt a tremendous shock — no pain, only a violent shock, such as you get from an electric terminal: with it a sense of utter weakness, a feeling of being stricken  
25 and shrivelled up to nothing. The sand-bags in front of me receded into immense distance. I fancy you would feel much the same if you were struck by lightning. I knew immediately that I was hit, but because of the seeming bang and flash I thought it was a rifle nearby that had gone off accidentally and shot me. All this happened in a space of time much less than a second. The next moment my knees  
30 crumpled up and I was falling, my head hitting the ground with a violent bang which, to my relief, did not hurt. I had a numb, dazed feeling, a consciousness of being very badly hurt, but no pain in the ordinary sense.

The American sentry I had been talking to had started forward. "Gosh! Are you hit?" People gathered round. There was the usual fuss — "Lift him up!  
35 Where's he hit? Get his shirt open!" etc., etc. The American called for a knife to cut my shirt open. I knew that there was one in my pocket and tried to get it out, but discovered that my right arm was paralysed. Not being in pain, I felt a vague satisfaction. This ought to please my wife, I thought; she had always wanted me to be wounded, which would save me from being killed when the great

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>the dog it was that died — from "An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog" by Oliver Goldsmith. The dog went mad to kill the man but the dog it was that died.

40 battle came. It was only now that it occurred to me to wonder where I was hit, and how badly; I could feel nothing, but I was conscious that the bullet had struck me somewhere in the front of the body. When I tried to speak I found that I had no voice, only a faint squeak, but at the second attempt I managed to ask where I was hit. In the throat, they said. Harry Webb, our stretcher-bearer, had brought  
45 a bandage and one of the little bottles of alcohol they gave us for field-dressings. As they lifted me up a lot of blood poured out of my mouth, and I heard a Spaniard behind me say that the bullet had gone clean through my neck. I felt the alcohol, which at ordinary times would sting like the devil, splash on to the wound as a pleasant coolness.

50 They laid me down again while somebody fetched a stretcher. As soon as I knew that the bullet had gone clean through my neck I took it for granted that I was done for. I had never heard of a man or an animal getting a bullet through the middle of the neck and surviving it. The blood was dribbling out of the corner of my mouth. "The artery's gone," I thought. I wondered how long you last  
55 when your carotid artery is cut; not many minutes, presumably. Everything was very blurry. There must have been about two minutes during which I assumed that I was killed. And that too was interesting — I mean it is interesting to know what your thoughts would be at such a time. My first thought, conventionally enough, was for my wife. My second was a violent resentment at having to leave  
60 this world which, when all is said and done, suits me so well. I had time to feel this very vividly. The stupid mischance infuriated me. The meaninglessness of it! To be bumped off, not even in battle, but in this stale corner of the trenches, thanks to a moment's carelessness! I thought, too, of the man who had shot me — wondered what he was like, whether he was a Spaniard or a foreigner, whether  
65 he knew he had got me, and so forth. I could not feel any resentment against him. I reflected that as he was a Fascist I would have killed him if I could, but that if he had been taken prisoner and brought before me at this moment I would merely have congratulated him on his good shooting. It may be, though, that if you were really dying your thoughts would be quite different.

70 They had just got me on to the stretcher when my paralysed right arm came to life and began hurting damnably. At the time I imagined that I must have broken it in falling; but the pain reassured me, for I knew that your sensations do not become more acute when you are dying. I began to feel more normal and to be sorry for the four poor devils who were sweating and slithering with the  
75 stretcher on their shoulders. It was a mile and a half to the ambulance, and vile going, over lumpy, slippery tracks. I knew what a sweat it was, having helped to carry a wounded man down a day or two earlier. The leaves of the silver poplars which, in places, fringed our trenches brushed against my face; I thought what a good thing it was to be alive in a world where silver poplars grow. But  
80 all the while the pain in my arm was diabolical, making me swear and then try not to swear, because every time I breathed too hard the blood bubbled out of my mouth.

The doctor re-bandaged the wound, gave me a shot of morphia, and sent me off to Sietamo.

*George Orwell,*  
British essayist and novelist  
1903-1950

III. Questions 17 to 26 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the story "Print Dresses."

from PRINT DRESSES

*The narrator's grandmother has recently died and the narrator has travelled to her grandmother's house to settle affairs there. She addresses her thoughts to her husband, who is absent.*

In the dresser of this upstairs room there is hand-tatted lace that once was precisely stitched to necklines of dark dresses so that, when necessary, it could be snipped away and gently squeezed in a solution of pure soap flakes and warm water, then left to dry flat on a towel where the sunlight struck it. The sunlight and the soap have made it yellow.

In a lidded cardboard box in the closet, there are balls of brown string, wound as though they'd come that way and had not instead been collected from parcels, and rolled newspapers, and from the grasses and roads where they'd been discarded, and knotted end to end for later use on other packages. The ravelling of these brown strings would cross the yard and the gravel road in front, would wind through the ditch of Queen Anne's lace and into the rows of hollyhocks across the way in the garden of my aunts.

I can see my aunts through this upper-storey windowpane: they are sitting in two canvas lawn chairs in the shade of their small green-shingled house and they're resting for a moment between the weeding of the vegetable garden and the making of the tea. The lazy nods and dips of their straw sunbonnets do not suggest the intensity of their conversation.

They want me to come out. I've seen them in my garden in the early morning when they supposed I was asleep. I've heard them rattle at my doors and windows. They did not intend, when they handed me the key, that I'd come in and stay.

I didn't intend it either. There are things I should be doing: for my work, my home, for you. There are things I ought to be doing here as well, that I have not yet done.

Stacked on an upper closet shelf in this room which my aunts and my mother outgrew, leaving a storage space, there are dozens of photographs which I have lifted, dusted and returned. There are photographs of young and handsome men in suits and ties, of women with lace around their necks. There are people who, like my aunts and my mother, knew how to age with grace and self-respect and not a moment of wasted time.

There is a photograph of twelve young women in identical robes of white: some are kneeling, others standing, two sitting on carved chairs. The women are startlingly beautiful, their hair soft and flowing or caught with hairpins up behind their heads. They are touching one another, each of them with one hand on another woman's shoulder and another at her elbow. This is the picture of a graduation class or the cast of a midsummer play: it's impossible to tell, just as I cannot be certain which of the women is my grandmother.

My aunts would be able to tell me, if I asked them. They probably hoped for that: that I would carry pieces of this house across the way and sit in the shade with them while they disclosed the past. Or that I would call from this

*Continued*

40 upper-storey window from time to time, bidding them into their mother's house to explain what I was holding.

What they intended was that I'd discharge it all within a day or two, taking the things I wanted for our apartment in the city and packing the rest of it into boxes which they'd left in the woodshed for my convenience. They assumed I'd  
45 clean the house from top to bottom in readiness for the agents and the movers. I know what they intended and assumed: I've known for weeks that the house was sitting empty, waiting for my sense of duty to mature. They are, my mother and my aunts, too old for such emotional and back-breaking labour as disposing of their mother.

50 Grandmother's bedroom is sparsely furnished and as tidy as she left it. All it required was a little dusting. The thin coverlet, quilted and nearly white, is folded and tucked to conceal the embroidered linen, to save the bedclothes from dust and light.

On her dresser are the bone-backed brush and mirror which she used so  
55 dextrously, one in each hand, one hundred strokes through her thin grey hair each night. From her window, which faces away from the house of my aunts, she saw an open field and knew the spit of snakes in the tall weeds, the sticky cling of cobwebs in the trees. She knew them, but left them, too busy with this house for idle wandering: that was for children, the recollections of her own childhood serving  
60 up suggestions of blind man's bluff or hide and seek to bored daughters or, later, to her only grandchild. More often, aggravated by such a word as "boredom," she'd send them out to pinch suckers from tomato plants or to hang the wash, insisting on a hat to keep away the sun.

And silences. She expected that the house would be as silent as it is this  
65 afternoon no matter how many of us were in it, as she took her one hour's rest exactly with a black stocking over her clouded eyes to keep out light. And so it was.

I think that you would like to live here, for a while. You'd find this old house picturesque, if a trifle small, and would immediately set to work improving  
70 it with vertical blinds and bright, bold wallpaper. You'd find a place for a dishwasher and you'd cover the hardwood floors with acrylic, the roof with cedar shakes. Your radio alarm clock would go on the little painted table beside the bed. The table would have to go, eventually. So would the bed.

You'd ask me to stop winding the clock on the mantelpiece downstairs because  
75 the bonging of the quarter hours would drive you to distraction.

My aunts have gone into their house. Even the exasperation of my being shut in here will not keep them from getting their tea by the appointed hour. With it, they'll have a biscuit each and plan their supper of aspic and bean salad and sweet brown bread, baked before noon and left to cool on wire racks on the kitchen  
80 table's oilcloth. They will wonder, as they set their table with linen napkins and plates and glasses (as their mother always did), what I am eating here.

At the beginning I ate nothing. There were only dead insects where the cornstarch and flour used to be and I wasn't hungry anyway. But then I found her well-used cookbooks that she'd made herself from empty scrapbooks, and her  
85 round script was steadier than I'd ever known it. I remembered: johnnycake with sweet apple jelly; a white sauce thick on soft macaroni; last week's buns steamed back into edibility. Beside some recipes she'd glued a black-and-white of the woman who'd shared it with her. Martha Beardsley (Pineapple Upside Down Cake,

*Continued*

1941), wears a black one-piece bathing suit and sits by a grey lake with one hand  
90 up to hold her damp hair away from her face. I do not recall her, though I do  
recall her cake.

My grandmother was not the cook that you are, with your pepper steaks and  
florentined eggs and fresh kiwi fruit from the market. She didn't waste a cent.

I scoop tea leaves from the cannister and wait for the kettle to whistle. Here  
95 by the kitchen door I can see out the front window and also out the back: it's a  
house constructed for people who watch from kitchens. The clock bongs twice:  
four-thirty. The office will be emptying of everyone but Jack, who'll have to do  
my work as well as his. And you'll be contemplating a game of raquetball with  
Harold, followed by an imported beer. The beer will make you amorous, and  
100 you'll remember I'm away.

In the pantry and then in the rootcellar, when at last I thought to look there,  
I found the sealed jars full of fruit and pickled meats, the flour and sugar in large  
glass jars with rubber seals so tight that I despaired of opening them, cans of  
condensed milk and tubs of lard.

105 I've learned to use yeast again, and to soak the raisins in milk before I add  
them to the batter. I've recalled bread pudding. I wish that I had eggs.

I clean my clothes in the morning and myself at night, as Grandmother always  
did. I wash the dresses and the underthings on the scrubboard which I found  
beneath the sink. I leave them to dry on the wooden clothes rack in the bathroom.

110 I wash my hair in the sink, wringing the excess water out before I wrap it  
in a towel. Already it seems longer, silkier. I iron when it's not too warm. There  
isn't any urgency to that for her cotton dresses fit me, and she had several. Their  
prints, small and blue or mauve, suit me better than the things I brought from  
the city, and I've stowed all of them away in my suitcase which is in the front  
115 hall closet. I'd like to put it out on the verandah and let the aunts decide what  
to do with it.

My grandmother eludes me. I've looked for her as I swept her auburn corners,  
as I dusted her varnished wood. I've peered at the hand which held the pan and  
moved the flannel cloth, sought the fine grain of her wrist, but I haven't found  
120 her. I've stood at the foot of her bed when I rose in the morning and studied the  
indent in the pillow but it does not belong to her elegant white head. She isn't  
here. If she were, I'd take her bird bones against my chest and say that she  
worked well, that there was a reason for it after all.

*Mary W. Riskin,*  
contemporary Canadian writer

IV. Questions 27 to 40 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the play *Caesar and Cleopatra*.

from **CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA** by George Bernard Shaw

CHARACTERS:

Cleopatra — sixteen-year-old Queen of Egypt

Caesar — Julius Caesar, head of the Roman Empire

Lucius Septimius — a Roman now living in Egypt, murderer of the Roman leader, Pompey

Rufio — a Roman officer, Caesar's aide

Apollodorus — a Sicilian nobleman

Britannus — a Briton, secretary to Caesar

*The palace at Alexandria. Cleopatra is relying on Caesar to establish her on the throne over her younger brother, Ptolemy. The Egyptians are resisting the Roman invasion.*

*Pothinus, who was Ptolemy's guardian, has just been secretly killed on the orders of Cleopatra. Outside, an uproar from the crowds is being investigated.*

(CLEOPATRA, resenting CAESAR's submitting to RUFIO's advice, leaves the table and sits down on the bench in the colonnade.)

**CLEOPATRA:** Why do you allow Rufio to treat you so? You should teach him his place.

**CAESAR:** Teach him to be my enemy, and to hide his thoughts from me as you are now hiding yours.

5 **CLEOPATRA** (*Her fears returning*): Why do you say that, Caesar? Indeed, indeed, I am not hiding anything. You are wrong to treat me like this. (*She stifles a sob.*) I am only a child; and you turn into stone because you think some one has been killed. I cannot bear it. (*She purposely breaks down and weeps.*)  
10 *He looks at her with profound sadness and complete coldness. She looks up to see what effect she is producing. Seeing that he is unmoved, she sits up, pretending to struggle with her emotion and to put it bravely away.*) But there: I know you hate tears: you shall not be troubled with them. I know you are not angry, but only sad; only I am so silly, I cannot help being hurt when you speak coldly. Of course you are quite right: it is dreadful to think  
15 of anyone being killed or even hurt; and I hope nothing really serious has — (*Her voice dies away under his contemptuous penetration.*)

**CAESAR:** What has frightened you into this? What have you done? (*A trumpet sounds on the beach below.*) Aha! that sounds like the answer.

20 **CLEOPATRA** (*Sinking back trembling on the bench and covering her face with her hands*): I have not betrayed you, Caesar: I swear it.

**CAESAR:** I know that. I have not trusted you. (*He turns from her, and is about to go out when APOLLODORUS and BRITANNUS drag in LUCIUS SEPTIMIUS to him. RUFIO follows. CAESAR shudders.*) Again, Pompey's murderer!

25 **RUFIO:** The town has gone mad, I think. They are for tearing the palace down

*Continued*

and driving us into the sea straight away. We laid hold of this renegade in clearing them out of the courtyard.

**CAESAR:** Release him. (*They let go his arms.*) What has offended the citizens, Lucius Septimius?

30 **LUCIUS:** What did you expect, Caesar? Pothinus was a favorite of theirs.

**CAESAR:** What has happened to Pothinus? I set him free, here, not half an hour ago. Did they not pass him out?

**LUCIUS:** Ay, through the gallery arch sixty feet above ground, with three inches of steel in his ribs. He is as dead as Pompey. We are quits now, as to  
35 killing — you and I.

**CAESAR** (*Shocked*): Assassinated! — our prisoner, our guest! (*He turns reproachfully on RUFIO.*) Rufio —

**RUFIO** (*Emphatically — anticipating the question*): Whoever did it was a wise man and a friend of yours (*CLEOPATRA is greatly emboldened*); but none  
40 of us had a hand in it. So it is no use to frown at me. (*CAESAR turns and looks at CLEOPATRA.*)

**CLEOPATRA** (*Violently — rising*): He was slain by order of the Queen of Egypt. I am not Julius Caesar the dreamer, who allows every slave to insult him. Rufio has said I did well: now the others shall judge me too. (*She turns to the others.*) This Pothinus sought to make me conspire with him to betray  
45 Caesar to Achillas and Ptolemy. I refused; and he cursed me and came privily to Caesar to accuse me of his own treachery. I caught him in the act; and he insulted me — me, the Queen! to my face. Caesar would not avenge me: he spoke him fair and set him free. Was I right to avenge myself? Speak,  
50 Lucius.

**LUCIUS:** I do not gainsay it. But you will get little thanks from Caesar for it.

**CLEOPATRA:** Speak, Apollodorus. Was I wrong?

**APOLLODORUS:** I have only one word of blame, most beautiful. You should have called upon me, your knight; and in fair duel I should have slain the  
55 slanderer.

**CLEOPATRA** (*Passionately*): I will be judged by your very slave, Caesar. Britannus: speak. Was I wrong?

**BRITANNUS:** Were treachery, falsehood, and disloyalty left unpunished, society must become like an arena full of wild beasts, tearing one another to pieces.  
60 Caesar is in the wrong.

**CAESAR** (*With quiet bitterness*): And so the verdict is against me, it seems.

**CLEOPATRA** (*Vehemently*): Listen to me, Caesar. If one man in all Alexandria can be found to say that I did wrong, I swear to have myself crucified on the door of the palace by my own slaves.

65 **CAESAR:** If one man in all the world can be found, now or forever, to know that you did wrong, that man will have either to conquer the world as I have, or be crucified by it. (*The uproar in the streets again reaches them.*) Do you hear? These knockers at your gate are also believers in vengeance and in stabbing. You have slain their leader: it is right that they shall slay  
70 you. If you doubt it, ask your four counsellors here. And then in the name of that right (*he emphasizes the word with great scorn*) shall I not slay them for murdering their Queen, and be slain in my turn by their countrymen as the invader of their fatherland? Can Rome do less than slay these slayers, too, to show the world how Rome avenges her sons and her honor. And so,

*Continued*

- 75 to the end of history, murder shall breed murder, always in the name of right and honor and peace, until the gods are tired of blood and create a race that can understand. (*Fierce uproar. CLEOPATRA becomes white with terror.*) Harken, you who must not be insulted. Go near enough to catch their words: you will find them bitterer than the tongue of Pothinus. (*Lofily, wrapping himself up in an impenetrable dignity.*) Let the Queen of Egypt now give her orders for vengeance, and take her measures for defence; for she has renounced Caesar. (*He turns to go.*)
- CLEOPATRA** (*Terrified, running to him and falling on her knees*): You will not desert me, Caesar. You will defend the palace.
- 85 **CAESAR**: You have taken the powers of life and death upon you. I am only a dreamer.
- CLEOPATRA**: But they will kill me.
- CAESAR**: And why not?
- CLEOPATRA**: In pity —
- 90 **CAESAR**: Pity! What! Has it come to this so suddenly, that nothing can save you now but pity? Did it save Pothinus?
- (*She rises, wringing her hands, and goes back to the bench in despair. APOLLODORUS shows his sympathy with her by quietly posting himself behind the bench. The sky has by this time become the most vivid purple, and soon begins*
- 95 *to change to a glowing pale orange, against which the colonnade and the great image show darklier and darklier.*)
- RUFIO**: Caesar: enough of preaching. The enemy is at the gate.
- CAESAR** (*Turning on him and giving way to his wrath*): Ay; and what has held him baffled at the gate all these months? Was it my folly, as you deem it, or your wisdom? In this Egyptian Red Sea of blood, whose hand has held all your heads above the waves? (*Turning to CLEOPATRA.*) And yet, when Caesar says to such an one, "Friend, go free," you, clinging for your little life to my sword, dare steal out and stab him in the back? And you, soldiers and gentlemen, and honest servants as you forget that you are, applaud this assassination, and say "Caesar is in the wrong." By the gods, I am tempted to open my hand and let you all sink into the flood.
- CLEOPATRA** (*With a ray of cunning hope*): But, Caesar, if you do, you will perish yourself. (*CAESAR's eyes blaze.*)
- RUFIO** (*Greatly alarmed*): Now, by great Jove, you filthy little Egyptian rat, that is the very word to make him walk out alone into the city and leave us here to be cut to pieces. (*Desperately, to CAESAR.*) Will you desert us because we are a parcel of fools? I mean no harm by killing: I do it as a dog kills a cat, by instinct. We are all dogs at your heels; but we have served you faithfully.
- 115 **CAESAR** (*Relenting*): Alas, Rufio, my son, my son: as dogs we are like to perish now in the streets.
- APOLLODORUS** (*At his post behind CLEOPATRA's seat*): Caesar, what you say has an Olympian ring in it: it must be right; for it is fine art. But I am still on the side of Cleopatra. If we must die, she shall not want the devotion of
- 120 a man's heart nor the strength of a man's arm.
- CLEOPATRA** (*Sobbing*): But I don't want to die.
- CAESAR** (*Sadly*): Oh, ignoble, ignoble!
- LUCIUS** (*Coming forward between CAESAR and CLEOPATRA*): Harken to me,

*Continued*

Caesar. It may be ignoble; but I also mean to live as long as I can.

125 **CAESAR:** Well, my friend, you are likely to outlive Caesar. Is it any magic of mine, think you, that has kept your army and this whole city at bay for so long? Yesterday, what quarrel had they with me that they should risk their lives against me? But today we have flung them down their hero, murdered; and now every man of them is set upon clearing out this nest of assassins  
130 — for such we are and no more. Take courage then; and sharpen your sword. Pompey's head has fallen; and Caesar's head is ripe.

**APOLLODORUS:** Does Caesar despair?

**CAESAR** (*With infinite pride*): He who has never hoped can never despair. Caesar, in good or bad fortune, looks his fate in the face.

*George Bernard Shaw,*  
British dramatist and critic,  
1856-1950

V. Questions 41 to 48 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the play *Henry VI*, Part 3.

from HENRY VI, Part 3, Act II, Scene v

*The play is set during the War of the Roses. The opposing parties are the great royal houses of York and Lancaster, who are identified by the emblems of the white rose of York and the red rose of Lancaster.*

*King Henry's forces of the House of Lancaster have just been soundly defeated. King Henry comes to an open place near the battlefield and contemplates the futility of war.*

**KING HENRY:** This battle fares like to the morning war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light,

What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

5 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea

Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;

Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea

Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.

Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;

10 Now one the better, then another best;

Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,

Yet neither conqueror nor conquered;

So is the equal poise of this fell war.

Here on this molehill will I sit me down.

15 To whom God will, there be the victory! . . .

*(Enter a SON that hath killed his father, dragging in the dead body)*

**SON:** Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight

20 May be possessed with some store of crowns;

And I, that haply<sup>1</sup> take them from him now,

May yet ere night yield both my life and them

To some man else, as this dead man doth me.

Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,

25 Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.

O heavy times, begetting such events!

From London by the King was I press'd forth;

My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,

Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;

30 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,

Have by my hands of life bereaved him.

Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!

And pardon, father, for I knew not thee! . . .

**KING HENRY:** O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>haply — by chance

- 35 Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,  
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.  
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;  
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,  
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.
- 40 *(Enter a FATHER, bearing his son)*  
**FATHER:** Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,  
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,  
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.  
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?  
45 Ah no, no, no, it is mine only son! . . .  
O, pity, God, this miserable age!  
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,  
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget! . . .
- 50 **KING HENRY:** O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!  
The red rose and the white are on his face,  
The fatal colours of our striving houses;  
The one his purple blood right well resembles,  
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth.  
55 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;  
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
- SON:** How will my mother for a father's death  
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfi'd!  
**FATHER:** How will my wife for slaughter of my son  
60 Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfi'd!
- KING HENRY:** How will the country for these woeful chances  
Misthink the King and not be satisfi'd!  
**SON:** Was ever son so ru'd a father's death?  
**FATHER:** Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?
- 65 **KING HENRY:** Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?  
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.  
**SON:** I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.  
*(Exit with the body)*
- FATHER:** These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;  
70 My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre, . . .  
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,  
For I have murdered where I should not kill.  
*(Exit with the body)*
- KING HENRY:** Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,  
75 Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

*William Shakespeare*

VI. Questions 49 to 62 in your Questions Booklet are based on this essay.

*The following essay comments on the ongoing political and religious conflict in Northern Ireland.*

**BELFAST: THE ALLURE OF THE 'TROUBLES'**

Everyone who is not terminally bored with Northern Ireland seems to be looking for a way to help the people there out of their plight. Is it not presumptuous to do their thinking for them? Any citizen who wants to get out of his "plight" has to change the way he acts or votes. Yet no one there does. Therefore it seems  
5 sensible to assume he can't see how to or doesn't want to. It is a strange place where peace is unknown in the lifetime of almost half the population, but Northern Ireland fills the bill; and like everyone else, people there prefer the familiar. "The people do not believe in change," writes one experienced correspondent, "neither in its possibility, nor in its desirability." Living in perpetual war may seem  
10 unthinkable to someone who knows it only in the abstract; but in the particular, war has something to be said for it, especially if it is your own. Of course everyone says he wants peace — it would be crazy to suggest otherwise — but peace only on his own impossible terms. Otherwise he wants war.

I once introduced an ex-paramilitary friend to my daughter, who would have  
15 nothing to do with him: "Those kinds of people really frighten me." What worried her, she said afterwards, was that "he's crossed a line. He's done something immoral. I don't mean illegal. It's like what I'm reading at school. When Hamlet kills Polonius and overcomes all his inhibitions, somehow his principles have lost their original meaning. And he's so proud of himself; he screams, I've done it!  
20 I've done it!" She thought that if people could kill so readily for a cause, they might "lose the grip they have over themselves, over right and wrong. They could kill their family. They could kill you. It would mean nothing."

I told my friend, after some thought, what she had said. "She's right" was his answer.

25 Fighting a war is certainly a better *raison d'être* than none at all, which is what confronts so many people in the British Isles of the 1980s. What is so enviable about the "peace" the rest of us live in? What is preferable about enduring the unemployment, riots, crime, welfare cuts, and economic hopelessness of the Northern Irish without their reasons for getting up in the morning? Their grand  
30 cause, their commitment, sense of purpose, *clarity*. "Something *great* got hold of you," said an eighty-year-old Englishman of World War II. "Even clear-cut suffering is better than long-term depression — it gives you something to kick off against." Being in Belfast is like being in a magnetic field: everything points one way or the other and lines up.

35 War on a parochial<sup>1</sup> scale has a certain appeal in a world where nuclear annihilation looms over all of us, whatever the color of our passports. The war seems to have concentrated minds in Northern Ireland well away from such nightmares. Reading a thoughtful piece by Michael Hall, a popular historian in Ulster, I encounter this passage: "... isn't it totally farcical, given the dangerous

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>parochial — of a parish, confined to a narrow area

40 state our society is now in, that the question of how we avoid the possible catastrophe isn't being tackled at all by the educational establishments?" To me, reading this in London, the only "possible catastrophe" is nuclear annihilation. I had to read much further before realizing he was talking about something else. At most, only three or four of all the people I met in Belfast alluded to nuclear war  
45 as a concern, and then only glancingly. A Sinn Féiner,<sup>2</sup> when pushed, said "it would solve our problem anyway, 'cause it would wipe out the Brits." It may well be a delusion to avoid the issue, but it must also be a relief.

Another aspect of war is how significant it can make you feel in the world picture. People in Northern Ireland feel that they really count yet, considering  
50 there are only a million and a half of them, the attention their altercation earns in the media is preposterous. Belfast is chock-a-block with journalists, academics, social scientists, photographers, every kind of pundit. Interviewing the most out-of-the-way people, I got used to the idea that I was the fourth interviewer they'd spoken to that week. Sometimes I felt as if I were part of a delegation visiting  
55 China; wherever you go, the seats are still warm from the last group. Of course China contains a quarter of the world's population.

None of this can be held against the people of Belfast: Who wouldn't enjoy being in such demand? If you have to be unemployed, it is a great solace to have experts on your doorstep forever asking you how it feels. You are like the  
60 victim of a disease who is given only a placebo yet thrives because of the attention.

There is also, for those who enjoy that sort of thing, the excitement of participating in an atrocity and then going home to watch it replayed on the six o'clock news. Does anyone watch television news the way people do in Belfast?  
65 Even in homes where there isn't enough to eat there is always a very large color TV playing in the corner of the living room. That way people are always ready for a local flash. As for the flashers, you get the feeling that Northern Irish events are almost designed to be televised: precision-targeted enough not to panic the cameramen and sufficiently imaginative to sustain their interest.

One of the more ghoulish sets of statistics to emerge from the "Troubles" indicates an inverse relation between the homicide and suicide rates — make of this what you will. The incidence of suicide fell by half in the early 1970s and has grown only gradually since then. The same is true of the rate of depression. These people, when asked, turn out to be, incredible though it seems, some of  
75 the happiest on earth. According to a Gallup poll "values survey" conducted worldwide in the mid-1980s, 39 percent of the people of Northern Ireland described themselves as "very happy" (compared, for example, to 10 percent of West Germans and Italians, and 15 percent of Japanese). Perhaps what makes them happy is a fierce commitment to a cause transcending themselves. The world of  
80 my own dreams has no war in it. But what if you are stuck between war and a world with no dreams?

*Sally Belfrage,*  
contemporary British writer

<sup>2</sup>Sinn Féiner — member of the group of extreme Irish Nationalists

VII. Questions 63 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the novel *Grain*.

from GRAIN

The first year of the war was the hardest for Gander. Before another season's crop was being threshed the world — the Allies' world, at any rate — had awakened to the quite obvious fact that the war must be won by wheat. Growing wheat became a patriotic duty into which Gander fitted like a cylinder nut into a socket wrench. He could grow wheat, and none of that "form fours"<sup>1</sup> nonsense about it. True, there were still some who refused to see in the growing of wheat the highest expression of service, some even who were frank enough to suggest that the prospect of a high price had more to do with the sudden increase in acreage than had any patriotic motive. But Gander avoided argument and kept on with his ploughing, his seeding, his harvesting and threshing. He, who had been reared on the plains with himself for a companion, more than ever receded within himself. He avoided company, he avoided discussion, he avoided trips to Plainville. As a matter of custom he continued going to church at Willow Green, but even there sometimes found eyes that bored him through, and sent him home in a tempest of self-excuse.

One of the difficult times was when Tommy Burge enlisted. The Burges gave a party for their soldier son, and Gander, as one of the nearest neighbours and friends of the family, must of course attend. He willingly would have denied himself that pleasure; not even the prospect of dancing with Jo Burge could balance the disadvantages under which he would be placed. But he felt he ought to go; he owed that much to Tommy, and he could cover up a little by taking his sister Minnie as his guest.

"Well, Minn," he remarked with forced casualness at noon that day, "how'd you like to go to Burges' dance tonight?"

Minnie, now a girl of fifteen or sixteen, and beautiful even to her brother, blushed pink under her bronze hair.

"I'm going," she said. "With Walter Peters."

Peters! The boy whom Gander had saved from the separator!<sup>2</sup> Oh! So he must go alone.

"Darn it all, I don' want to go," he at last confessed to himself. "It's goin' to be a hot night, an' I guess I ain't much of a dancer, anyway." The answer he had given the sergeant came to his mind, and he smiled, a little bitterly. There would be a number of fellows there in uniform, and he — he would never be missed.

On Sunday he went over to the Burges', but Tommy had already gone. Jo received him at the door.

"It's stuffy inside. Would you like to walk?" she said.

"Yes — if you would."

They walked out over the school section,<sup>3</sup> now studded with flaming tiger

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>"form fours" — a marching formation

<sup>2</sup>separator — a powerful belt-driven threshing machine that separates the grain from the stalks

<sup>3</sup>school section — a land division set aside for a country school

40 lilies, and if both of them had memories they kept them to themselves. Jo was a tall, straight woman now, not bent with work as Gander was. The freckles still peered through her white, transparent skin.

"Sorry you couldn't get over the other night, Gander," she opened their conversation.

45 "Yes," he agreed. "Sorry, too. But I ain't much of a dancer." He hadn't meant to use that phrase again. It just slipped out.

"You always seemed to me a good dancer, Gander. . . . Tommy was sorry, too."

"Yes. . . . I didn't know he was goin' so soon, or I'd ha' come anyway."

50 "He's gone!" she breathed almost in a whisper. Suddenly she swayed so that Gander caught her in his arms. He supported her, helplessly wondering what to do. A tremor was running through her frame; she seemed at the point of sobbing. But presently she straightened up erect, and withdrew herself from his arms.

"I'm all right, Gander," she told him, smiling a little wanly into his face.

55 "Just a little silly. . . . I should be very proud. . . . I *am* proud."

Her head was back now, and the summer breeze was fingering her fair hair. "I *am* proud," she repeated.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Gander, not knowing what else to say.

They walked on, charted only by some strange instinct, until they reached

60 the grove of willows where they had lain in the shade that hot day of the cattle herding. Here the girl paused, toying with the leaves at her feet, turning them over with her toe, as though looking for something. Gander stood beside her, mute. Suddenly she turned about and seized his shoulders in her hands. Her lips were trembling, but her eyes were straight on his.

65 "There's only one thing could make me prouder, Gander," she said. "You know what it is."

"You mean I should join up?"

She nodded, pressing her lips together hard.

"I'm not trying to tell you what you should do, Gander," she added. "You

70 must settle that for yourself. But *that* is what would make me proud."

"Well, I suppose," said Gander. "But there are other things, too. They want wheat, an' I'm helpin' to raise it. Besides, I promised my father an' mother not to leave 'em."

"Did they make you promise that?" There was a new note of challenge in

75 the girl's voice.

"Well, not exactly," said Gander, in whose veins honesty flowed like blood. "But you see, Jackie is gone, an' they worry over that a lot, so I told 'em I'd stick with 'em."

She had dropped her hands from his shoulders, but still stood close to him,

80 her eyes on his. "Gander," she said, "tell me this. Do you really *want* to go?"

Gander found himself being cornered, and he had no gift of argument. But he could be stolid. His strength was the strength of immobility.

"No, I don't!" he blurted out.

"Are you afraid?" He had not known that Jo's voice could cut like that.

85 "Oh, I dunno," he answered. "Guess I could take a chance with the rest."

Her tone suddenly softened. "No, I know you are not afraid," she added gently. "A boy who could do what you did — that day at the thresher —

*Continued*

isn't afraid."

Gander grunted. "Nothin' to that," he said.

90 "Then why is it?" she insisted.

Gander considered for a moment. "Well, I'll tell you, Jo," he answered. "I don't know very much about war, but I know somethin' about farmin', an' I figger this is where I belong. An' I ain't much for a crowd; I can get along with two or three, but in a crowd I'm out of it. I guess it's bein' on the farm like I have,

95 I been alone so much —"

"You mean you're shy? . . . Gander, I believe you are." She laughed a soft, teasing laugh, the first she had laughed that day, and for a moment Gander had an impulse to belie his own confession. But he conquered the impulse, and so justified her conclusion.

100 "You would get over that," she went on. "It would do you good. And they'd straighten you up, Gander. Straighten those shoulders of yours. Put some gimp into your step. I've seen them marching in Plainville, and" — she coloured frankly now, but faced him still — "and pictured you in uniform, and thought how good you would look, straight and tall, for you *are* tall, Gander, when you

105 straighten up —"

"Oh, I guess I'm all right," he interrupted sulkily. He had no desire to hear his defects analyzed.

"It would do you good," she repeated. "You'd get over — *that* — in a week. And besides, all the girls like to have their — their fellows — doing their

110 bit."

The appeal of that suggestion was not to be lightly dismissed. But Gander still held his trump card. He played it.

"Besides, I got too much spirit to be a soldier," he said.

"Too much what?"

115 "Too much spirit. . . . I'll explain." Then he told her of the day he had seen the recruits drilling on the outskirts of Plainville. "Struttin' like prairie chickens, they were," he said, "an' that fellow bawlin' 'em out like nobody ever bawled me out an' got away with it — or ever will," he added belligerently. "Jumpin' on Fred because he went to speak to me. If I'd been Fred I'd ha' hit

120 'im a poke in the eye."

She was so long in answering that for a moment he thought she had found his argument beyond reply.

"So that's it?" she said, at length. "You're too good to take orders? Too big a man to be told what to do? If everybody was like you, who'd stop the

125 enemy?"

"Well, I guess I could stop my share, if it came to that," he retorted, "an' without doin' a square dance in front o' them."

She was angry now. "Better men than you are doing the square dance, as you call it, Gander."

130 "Meanin' who?"

"Never mind."

"Dick Claus?"

"What if I do?"

135 Gander's fire was up, too. His was a slow fire, but suddenly it blazed up as though swept by a prairie wind. "Well, if you're goin' to be his pardner, you ought to learn his dance," he cried. "See — I'll show you." He seized her by

*Continued*

the arm. "Form fours! Form two-deep! 'Shun! As you were! 'Shun! As you were!'" He suited grotesque movements to his commands, jerking her about until she wrenched herself from his grasp. "That's the way to lick the enemy," he explained.

140 She ran from him a few steps, then turned and faced him, her cheeks pink, her pale eyes ablaze. She had twitted him with his shyness, but she had no need to twit him now. Something new had broken out in Gander. She read it in his eye, in the twist of his face, in the pose of his body like an animal set to spring. A horror of fear swept her. Her cheeks went suddenly white again and she tried  
145 to run, but she seemed held in a vice. He was coming toward her, this new Gander, this man she never had seen before; coming with slow, menacing strides across the grass. For a moment he held her in his spell; then, with a scream, she regained control of her limbs and fled across the prairie like a deer.

*Robert J.C. Stead,*  
twentieth century Canadian writer

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